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Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Furs,  
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156-16

NOTICE.  
J. H. STAGG,  
Having purchased of Mr. E. A. Terhune, his

Entire Undertaking Stock,  
—HIS SON—  
Thomas Stagg,

will conduct the business, at the old stand, on Depot Street, in Stanford, Ky., and act as his Agent in all matters pertaining thereto. The public patronage is solicited. It will be to the interest of all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

HE CAN'T BE UNDERSED.  
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WHOLE NUMBER 246.

## Indian Summer.

Just after the death of the season,  
And before they are buried in snow,  
There comes a brief season,  
When Nature is all before you,  
Aglow with a mystic splendor,  
That rivals the brightness of Spring—  
Aglow with a slowly more tender,  
And spirit which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit which is the rainbow,  
That comes and goes in a twinkling,  
And leaves the fair spreading landscape,  
In time that leaves the eyes;  
The sun, from his cloud-gilded chamber,  
Shines soft on a vision as gay,  
And dreams that his favorite children,  
The flowers have just passed away.

There's a loneliness in the mountains,  
A light, a glow in the air,  
As if Angels, while heavenward soaring,  
Had left their bright robes floating there,  
The breeze is soft, so caressing,  
It seems a soft touch of love,  
And from the heart like a blessing,  
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so sweet and so charming,  
Awaiting the dawn of the new year,  
A transient, beautiful enjoyment,  
Like soft strains of music at night;  
We know they are falling and fleeting,  
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,  
And we watch them with yearning affection,  
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!  
Thou favorite child of the year—  
Thou dost, when Nature's robes are  
With gifts and adornments so dear!  
How fast would we wish thee to linger,  
On mountain and meadow awhile,  
For our hearts, like the sweet breath of Nature,  
Enjoy and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the old fields of Autumn,  
Just when a last bright sunset comes,  
But through the world-wide spirit,  
Sweet dreams of its child come more,  
Thy love-lit smile to us with memories  
Of that time when we were young,  
Thy place and surely after  
A favorite of Heaven's rest.

An Indian Duel.  
The Chicago Tribune says: A somewhat exciting event occurred at Standing Rock, D. T., a few days since. It was no less than an Indian duel. On the east bank of the Missouri river, just across from the post, about 500 Indians and squaws were yesterday engaged in butchering their beef—100 head of fine fat cattle, just received from the beef contractor, Col. Paxton, who was present, at the time, at least, until the affair of the duel made it too hot for him. With beef is a scout at the post, enlisted regularly into the military service. He is rather small in stature, but muscular and agile as a cat. He is as brave, too, as any man can be, and, as far as I can learn, is mild, quiet and unassuming. He was engaged in butchering his beef, when Crooked Neck, another Indian, taunted him with being the friend and servant of the military, and an enemy to his own race. He said to him further: "You ought not to come here to get your beef. Go to the military to get your beef. You help to get Kill Eagle to come in and surrender."

Wild Bear turned to Col. Johnson, acting Indian Agent, who was present, and remarked: "I don't like what that Indian says to me." "Well," said Crooked Neck, "how are you going to help yourself?" "I don't know what reply Wild Bear made to this question, but in a few seconds, he and Crooked Neck were engaged with great determination in trying to butcher each other.

They stood face to face, about fifteen paces apart, each with a good Winchester rifle. Crooked Neck got in two shots before Wild Bear fired, and advanced on Wild Bear, while the latter simply danced, or jumped, first to the right and then to the left, to avoid the shots of Crooked Neck. Wild Bear fired twice without effect, but the third shot was a hit, and Crooked Neck fell to the ground. Wild Bear advanced on him, and fired a second shot into his body, and fired a third into his head.

Crooked Neck had the reputation of being a quarrelsome fellow, and the Indians generally consider his death a good thing. He was certainly a brave fellow, however. Wild Bear came back to the post and undressed himself, and invited all the friends of Crooked Neck to come up and get revenge according to the Indian custom. He was brought before Gen. Carlin to make his statement, which was as follows: "I have done something that I was not ordered to do, but I think I was justified in doing it. He taunted me with being the friend of the white man, the servant of the soldiers, and with being instrumental in getting Kill Eagle to surrender. I think I did right, and hope you will take the same view of the matter." After a few good remarks on the bad policy of killing generally, the able military commander, Gen. Carlin, told Wild Bear to go to his lodge and await results. A similar affair occurred a month ago.

"Gimme something to cure a boil," exclaimed a citizen as he dashed into one of the drug stores yesterday. "Ah, so you've got one of the things now, have you?" smiled the clerk. "Yes, sir, and it's just in the right place." "Just in the right place?" repeated the clerk; "why, where is that?" "On my hired man," came the sweet reply, and the clerk saw the point.—[Fulton Times.

## The Centennial Exposition Formally Closed.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—Rain has been falling steadily since morning, but in spite of the discouraging weather, great numbers of people are in attendance at the Centennial grounds to witness the formal closing of the Exposition. Since early morning, steam and street cars going to the grounds have been crowded; and at 2 o'clock, the time of the beginning of the ceremony, it is estimated that fully 10,000 people were inside the inclosure.

Shortly before 2 o'clock, President Grant, escorted by Gov. Hawley, ascended to the platform, followed by the Centennial Commission, the board of finance, the foreign commissioners and invited guests.

After the excitement of the multitude, occasioned by the presence of Gen. Grant, had subsided, the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Thomas, performed Wagner's Inauguration March, composed for the opening exercises on the 10th of May last. At its conclusion, Rev. Joseph A. Geiss offered up a prayer.

The chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, then sang a chorale entitled "Fugate," by S. Bach, after which an address was delivered by the Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, United States Centennial Commissioner, from Pennsylvania, and chairman of the executive committee.

The orchestra then rendered selections, after which the Hon. John Welch, president of the Centennial board of finance, delivered an address. After Beethoven's Fifth Symphony had been rendered, Director General Goshorn addressed the audience at length.

Händel's Hallelujah Chorus was next given by the orchestra and chorus, and Hon. Joseph H. Hawley, president of the United States Centennial Commission, delivered an address, reviewing the history of the Exposition.

The audience then joined in singing "America," after which President Grant declared the International Exposition of 1876 closed.

The Doxology was sung by the chorus and audience, accompanied by the orchestra, and the formal ceremonies were concluded.

The ceremonies took place in the Judges' Hall, owing to the rain. Although the exposition is now formally ended, the grounds and buildings will be accessible to the public several days to come, though the exhibition will be in an incomplete form. Many exhibitors are preparing to fence off their exhibits to-morrow, preparatory to packing goods.

The Kentucky River Bridge.  
The Cincinnati Southern Railroad Bridge, over the Kentucky River, is rapidly progressing, and is now sufficiently advanced to demonstrate that it will be an eminent success in engineering. On the 5th of October, a self-supporting span built without scaffolding, 180 feet long and 286 feet from the water, had been thrown out from the north bank to near the point at which it is to rest on a temporary wooden pier. At this stage of the work, the structure presented such an astonishing and patent triumph of mechanical and engineering skill as to make it a matter of interest to preserve its appearance for the pleasure and instruction of all who were not so fortunate as to see it in that exact stage. With this view, the skill of Mr. James Mullen, the artist of this city, was put under requisition, and the result is a picture which is a triumph of photography no less striking than the great engineering skill which it so handsomely illustrates. This picture is now finished, and may be seen at the gallery of Mr. Mullen, on Main street, by any who have an appreciation for the beautiful in art, or the triumphs of mechanical genius and skill. The scenery about the bridge is the grandest in Kentucky; the bridge, 1,125 feet long, divided into three spans of 475 feet each, and 286 feet above water; making altogether what we regard as the most striking picture we have ever known presented by the art of photography.—[Lexington Gazette.

Lazy people eat more than the busy at least for awhile, because it affords them enjoyment. It is a standing source of gratification until they become dyspeptic, when every meal becomes more or less a torture. But want of occupation has its attendant moral evils as well as physical. Idlers are nervous, fretful, peevish, cross. Ill-nature becomes a second nature, and they grumble and complain and whine from morning until night, with chance intervals of sunshine, but ever so transient.

The last whaling ships, in the Arctic Seas, have not yet been heard from, and hope seems to have departed from the hearts of those who are the most interested in the matter.

## A Daughter's Devotion.

Not a little sympathy is felt and expressed by William Butler Duncan, in his misfortune, notwithstanding his firm made such a bad failure and sank the money of so many people who could ill afford to lose it. Though he is the subject of so much severe criticism, he retains the respect and confidence of his friends and neighbors on Staten Island, where he contributed so much for public and charitable purposes, and where he was so universally esteemed and admired as a large-hearted and public-spirited citizen.

A touching incident recently transpired which must have overcome Mr. Duncan. For two or three years, during the summer months, drivers and equestrians here met, on the public thoroughfares of Staten Island, a young lady equestrian, accompanied by an orderly, whose elegant figure and superb horsemanship elicited general admiration. She had had everything from infancy that heart could wish, and was supposed by those who knew nothing to the contrary to be a gay butterfly of fashion. But how mistaken the impression! Soon after the suspension of the firm, unknown to her family, she understood the translation of a work which was attracting not a little attention in Germany. Secretly she kept at her task, night and day. When it was completed, she went alone to the largest publishers in the city, submitting her manuscript for inspection, and, a few days later, made a contract for the publication of the volume. When the first copy was printed, she placed it in her father's hands, and telling him what she had done, expressed the hope that she could contribute something to relieve his financial troubles. The translation has proved a decided success. It has met with a large sale, and the royalty has already paid to the devoted daughter has amounted to a considerable sum. What an example is this for daughters who, reared in wealth and luxury, are suddenly reduced to a position of comparative poverty! What a mountain load could wives and children remove from unfortunate fathers if, instead of moping and repining under adversity, they should with willing hearts and willing hands render any and every assistance in their power.—[N. Y. Cor. Chicago Journal.

Thanksgiving Proclamation by the Governor.  
The manifold blessings enjoyed by us as a people during the year now drawing to a close, admonish us of our duty to humbly give thanks to Almighty God for the great benefits we have received.

Therefore, I, James B. McCreary, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do designate and appoint Thursday, November 30th, 1876, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer; and I request the people of Kentucky to cease all secular occupations, and lay aside all political contentions on that day, and assemble in their respective houses of worship; give thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for His great kindness and mercy to us; earnestly beseech that He will graciously preserve through the vicissitudes of an hundred years, and give wisdom to its councils, purity to its government, and happiness to its people; that He will specially bless our Commonwealth, its institutions, its industries, and its homes; foster the interests of religion, education, and benevolence; promote among us health, prosperity, and fraternity, and continue to us forever His divine favor.

In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent and the seal of the Commonwealth to be hereunto affixed. Done at Frankfort, the 2nd day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth.

JAMES B. MCCREARY,  
By the Governor:  
J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, Secretary of State.

The miraculous draught of fishes in the Columbia river has practically remained the same for many years, and within the last eight years a canning industry has sprung up on its banks which last year cured and canned 16,000,000 pounds for exportation. The London Times estimates that the catch of Great Britain and Ireland for the year 1875 was 9,600,000 pounds. According to the calculation the produce of one Oregon river is equal to nearly four times the catch of the United Kingdom.

A Troy widower, we are told, sleeps every night on his wife's grave in St. Mary cemetery. Such lodgings are comfortable enough for warm weather, but the chances are that after the first snow he will be found sitting in some neighbor's parlor until midnight, along side of a hot stove and interesting girl.

## Another Medium Exposed.

His name is Church, his nationality American, and his parlor on James street, Toronto, under the shadow of Shaftesbury Hall. He has been doing a staring trade for two years past, at fifty cents a seance, and from \$2 to \$10 per private consultation. The familiar spirits by which this man has been enabled to supply some of the straightest and most respectable members of society with news and advice from their departed relatives are Forest Lilly, a squaw, Little Jimmy, an Indian dwarf, Lillie Preston, a young lady, earth residence unknown, who was drowned while crossing the Atlantic, and Nimwauke, and Indian giant seven feet high. With these familiars, Church has gullied hundreds in the city. In fact, he has so bedeviled some old maids and weak-minded old gentlemen that they have left their congregations and openly professed spiritualism. Last week, however, a disaster befell Church. His parlor was full one night, and the circle was complete, and he was supposed to be sitting hard and fast in a corner of the room, and the manes of Nimwauke had the floor, and was ringing bells, and occasionally urging the members of the circle to keep their hands joined and their minds passive. At this juncture a gentleman, who was in the adjoining room, and who had discovered a stovepipe hole in the partition between him and the spirit-room where Nimwauke was holding forth, and which, it is needless to say, was in total darkness, conceived the idea of thrusting a lighted torch through the hole and throwing light upon Nimwauke's subject. Accordingly, he quietly struck a match, applied it to the torch, thrust the brilliant light through the stovepipe hole, and lo! the circle saw not Nimwauke lecturing or playing, nor Church sitting bound in a corner of the room, but the latter, in his shirt sleeves, and with his boots off, standing where the spirits were wont to stand. The circle broke up in confusion, having discovered that their Gamaliel was a humbug.—[Montreal Gazette.

Coal to Burn.  
Yesterday as a pale-faced, hollow-eyed man was walking along Woodward avenue, using a cane to support his feeble steps, a pedestrian stopped him, reached out his hand, and said: "Why, Tom, is this you?" "Yes, it's me," was the mournful reply.

"And what's the matter?" "I'm run all down, and I've lost my place."

"Lost it? How? Been discharged?" "Yes," sadly replied the poor man. "I'm looking for a j-b, now."

"I know of a coal dealer who wants a driver," suggested the friend. "No good—no good," with a mournful shake of the head. "I've been to two or three, and as soon as they found out that my weight was down to one hundred and twenty pounds, they turned right away. Coal is down, you know, and they have to make it up in the weight of the driver."—[Detroit Free Press.

Over six thousand people perished in these United States last year, victims of kerosene oil accidents. It is not easy to realize the extent and the significance of this reliable statement. An average of one hundred and fifteen deaths for one year, when scattered over a great extent of territory, does not impress the average individual like a single catastrophe where half a hundred lives are sacrificed by criminal neglect or murderous parsimony. A boiler explosion, a railroad collision, or an Indian massacre thrills the public heart and stirs the blood within us; but it is only the statistician or the humanitarian who realizes the mental and bodily anguish, the appalling disasters, the agonizing death-bed scenes that are presented by this army of six thousand kerosene victims. The use of kerosene has now become so common in the household, the store, the river, and the rail that it seems almost a work of supererogation to add anything to what has been so often and so ably said.

It looks as if the old kingdom of Israel would be reconstructed at no distant day. Information coming from Europe plainly and unequivocally establishes the fact that the last three or four years have witnessed a return of the Jews to Palestine from every quarter of the globe. The number going from Russia is entirely unprecedented. The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is more than double what it was ten years ago, and the movement is going on rapidly.

An old, experienced and educated farmer says: "Three requisites every farmer should have, viz: Brains, muscle and industry; and they should all be alive and active, performing their duties pleasantly under the wise guidance of the first of them.

## Treatment of Girls.

How many unhappy girls have paid dearly for the early bringing up of their young husbands, who, after the first glamour of love has passed, treat their wives as they were allowed to treat their sisters, and as they saw their fathers treat their mothers—carelessly, disrespectfully, with a total want of that considerate tenderness which is worth all the passionate love in the world. This class, though they may muster outside as excellent husbands, never do anything really bad, and possessing many good and attractive qualities, yet contriving somehow to quickly break the poor woman's heart, or harden it into that passive acceptance of pain, which is more fatal to married happiness than even temporary estrangement. Anger itself is a safer thing than stolid, hopeless indifference.

The best husband ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the law, "Girls first," not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to protection and tenderness. Consequently the chivalrous care which these ladies were taught to show their sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—generous, exacting, courteous of speech and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood which seems to use its strength except for protection—the proud honesty of manhood which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being twisted around one's finger as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it, but which all honest and brave women not merely dislike, but utterly despise.

Trying to Steal Lincoln's Body.  
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 8.—An attempt was made last night to steal the remains of President Lincoln from the cemetery vault here. The plot was suspected sometime ago, and Elmer Washburne, United States Detective Tyrrell, and his assistants watched the vault last night. The scoundrels broke in the outer and inner doors of the vault, opened the several cases of the sarcophagus, and were about to make off with the remains, when the detectives accidentally discharged a pistol, which alarmed the robbers, and they fled precipitately, escaping in the darkness. A slight cleft to their identity remains, and their capture is probable.

The late Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar of Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon: "Mr. Peech, how is it that you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed!" said the vicar; "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

The Amazon river is navigable for three thousand miles by vessels of large size. It has four tributaries, which are united by a network of natural canals. Two thousand miles from its mouth its channel has a depth of three fathoms, and for two thousand six hundred miles there occurs no fall to interfere with the smooth passage of shipping.

Nothing makes a young man so happy as to get around to the post-office after it is closed, and see a letter in his box; to have his heart whisper it is from her; to dream sweet and tender fancies, hallowed with love's sacredness, all night, and to come down in the morning and find it a bill of \$7.50 for his last year's underclothes.

"How unfortunate I am in meeting a rain bean in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her beau of promise who happened along with an umbrella.

"And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a rein deer."

A widow from Atlanta went on to the Centennial, met a man for the first time, who claimed to be a Duke, very rich, and a citizen of Boston. The next day she married him, and the day following he went off with all the money she had, \$1,300, and she has never seen or heard of him since. Served her right.

Another big tree has been discovered in California, which is larger than any ever before seen. It is 260 feet high, and eight feet from the ground measures 150 feet in circumference, or 50 feet through.

It has been discovered that a hen held up by one leg will not squeak half so much as when both legs are grasped. The American mind is ever marching on.

## Living a Year With a Bullet in His Brain.

Tom Williams, a negro in Milan county, died last week of a shot-gun wound made one year ago.

Dr. A. C. Walker, who was the attending physician at the time of the wound, and at the death, conducted a post-mortem examination. After removing the top of the skull, the brain was examined, and the ball was, with a number of fragments of bone, found lodged with the brain about two inches from the point of the ball's entrance. The brain matter in the neighborhood of the ball, was badly disorganized.—[Waco Examiner.

The Burlington fiend thus reports: "Last August a Dubuque widower prayed the mourners to fill him up in the coffin with his dead wife, and then he rode all the way to the grave in the house, shrieking and wailing, and jumped into the grave when the coffin was lowered. They thought his grief would drive him to the Insane Asylum. The other day he was arrested for bigamy."

There was not a honey bee in California previous to the discovery of the gold mines, and now there is not a locality suitable to the industry where it is not to some extent prosecuted. Two hundred thousand pounds of honey were shipped from that State to New York in one consignment recently.

A man of Amsterdam, N. Y., began to celebrate prematurely last week, and blew his eyes out with a pound of powder. When he picked him up he tried to tell them where he lived, but was so shocked that he couldn't remember the first two syllables of the town.

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, a liar and a thief, a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these.

Ada Belmont, a trapeze performer in a circus, was recognized by her two brothers in Healdsburg, California, although they had not seen her since she was eight years old, twenty years ago. She left the circus and went to live with her relatives.

Switzerland displayed, at the Centennial Exposition, a gold watch with the circumference three-fourths that of a gold dollar, and just equaling that piece in weight. Its price is \$800, yet it does not contain more than 75 cents worth of material.

When any one is run over in St. Petersburg, the carriage causing the accident is confiscated, the horses are taken to the fire brigade for public use, and the driver is imprisoned and flogged. Hence, fewer accidents than anywhere else.

A lady that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

Mrs. Henry B. Blackwell, of the Woman's Journal, says if Harvard should next year invite women to enter her classes, one hundred New England girls would avail themselves of the opportunity.

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady, who had become blind, having recovered sight after marriage. It is not uncommon for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

The Northern Bank of Kentucky building, at Paris, was destroyed by fire the other morning. Nothing else was injured.

Wm. M. Tweed, the great New York thief, has not yet arrived in this country, from Spain. He is expected every day.

Why are country girls' cheeks like French calico? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.

A Missouri judge has decided a woman not an old maid until she is thirty-five years old.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy, has returned it with thanks.

The man who does the most has the least time to talk about what he does.

What is that which is of no value unless divided between two?—A kiss.

Domestic magazines—wives who are always moving up their husbands.

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

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R. P. GRISHAM

has again opened at his old stand, at Rockcastle River, House of newly furnished  
GOOD STABLES & ACCOMMODATIONS  
FOR DROVERS,  
and is well prepared to entertain all his old customers and acquaintances, as well as the traveling public generally, and invite a liberal patronage at their patronage in his line. Dec. 24, 1876-17

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has renovated and refurnished the

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